

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## THE RED MOON

By ANNA MAREE.

THERE was once a great flat country, where the moon was always red. It rose above the horizon in the evening, like an absent-minded man that had forgotten to set, and on moonlight nights it floated high in the dark sky, like the radiant red globe of a giant lamp. In the gray twilight, when the moon was "new," it looked as though a knife had been lunged into the sky, leaving a jagged red wound.

For many years, even longer than the oldest peasant could remember, the moon had shown red, and for many years also the fair faces of the maidens in the flat country had been wan and pale. Some people believed that the Moon Man had drawn all the color from the maidens' cheeks, but no one thought of mending matters until the Green Knight with the Winged Pony came along.

This knight was a very brave youth, who devoted his lifetime to making other people happy.

Just because he did this there were many people who believed him to be a wizard.

His armor was of glittering green and his pony was jet black, with two beautiful scarlet wings, which when spread enabled him to fly instantly with his master to any part of the universe.

The Green Knight was in search of adventure when he alighted in the flat country and dismounted from his pony. The pony's name by the way, was Schwartzperdenchen, which will be easy for you to remember.

After Schwartzperdenchen had been stabled at an inn and fed with golden oats, which were the only kind of oats that he would eat, the Green Knight left him to rest and set out for a walk. He had been doing good for others so much lately that he was feeling rather tired, but, you see, he was a knight of olden times and was much too polite to admit it even to himself.

Schwartzperdenchen stood in the stable and munched his golden oats while his master sauntered forth exploring the flat country.

He passed many farmhouses and saw in the fields groups of peasant maidens who toiled and sang. He noticed that they were pale and that their songs were not as merry as one would have expected. He continued on his way, but not one ruddy faced peasant girl greeted him as he passed farmland and garden. At last he thought: "Surely there must be some reason why all these pretty maidens are so pale. Perhaps they are unhappy. If so, Schwartzperdenchen and I have work to do here."

He inquired at length of a peasant girl who was gathering cabbages. "Tell me, damsel, why is it that I see no rosy cheeks among those of you at work in the open air, which should bring bright color to your pretty faces?"

"Alas, Sir Knight," she replied, "it is said that the Moon Man draws the roses from our cheeks to tint the moon globe red."

"A red moon, indeed!" exclaimed the Green Knight in astonishment; "that must be a strange sight."

Far over the field he well toiled so fast, and the peasant maidens laid aside their farming implements and, placing the baskets of vegetables on their shoulders, took their way from the fields to the neighboring farmhouses to rest for the night.

The Cabbage Girl lifted her basket and, courtesying once more, said to the Green Knight: "The moon is rising now. The farm maidens hasten, therefore, lest the Moon Man draw the blood from their hearts as well as their cheeks," and she went on her way while the Green Knight stood gazing in wonder at the blood-red moon, which threw burning rays of light upon the earth.

As he watched the round rosy ball he

made up his mind to do something at once to restore the lost bloom to the maidens' cheeks, and to cheer their sorrowful hearts, and soon he strode back to the inn and mounting Schwartzperdenchen, who was now thoroughly rested and had eaten all the golden oats, they flew at once to the palace of the King.

The Green Knight sent in his card to the King.

(Or, if that was not the polite way of announcing himself, perhaps he only rang the front doorbell and waited.)

The King sent out word that he would receive him gladly and at once. So Schwartzperdenchen remained in the courtyard while the Green Knight went before the King and told him that he felt very sorry about the Moon Man's cruelty, and asked him, the King, if he didn't think it would be a good idea to do something to stop it.

Now it had never occurred to the King that there might be a remedy for the trouble of his people. He was a very stupid King, as will be seen, but he looked admiringly at the young knight.

"Excellent," he agreed, "how did you ever come to think out such a clever idea, and how do you propose to carry it through? There is no way of sending a message to the Moon Man, and I doubt whether he would listen to us even if we could reach him."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the Green Knight confidently; "my pony has scarlet wings and can fly beautifully."

"And what reward will you ask if you succeed?" said the King, who cared more for the yellow color of his robe than the rosy hues in the peasant maidens' cheeks.

"No reward, sire," declared the knight. "You see it is enough for me to be able to make people happy."

(I am sorry to say that the King was rude enough to tap the side of his golden crown and wink at his grand vizier at this point.)

"Give me a crystal vase in which to hold the red color of the moon and I will depart on my journey at once."

The grand vizier was sent by the King to procure the vase, and soon returned, whereupon the knight straightway returned to Schwartzperdenchen, and mounting his back, they were soon flying through the air in the direction of the great red moon.

As they drew nearer and nearer the red moonlight became warmer and warmer, so that Schwartzperdenchen snorted and tried to fan himself with his scarlet wings. In doing so he forgot to fly, and came near upsetting the Green Knight, who held on to the pony's black mane with all his might.

"Schwartzperdenchen! Schwartzperdenchen!" cried the knight in alarm. "Have care! Have care! Ah, see, you have caused me to drop the crystal vase. Now, alas! we shall never be able to carry the red color away from the Moon Man."

It was true. The crystal vase had fallen to the ground and lay in a thousand pieces, scattered miles below on the ground of the flat country. When the pieces were found the people believed that the Green Knight had failed in his mission.

Meanwhile he and Schwartzperdenchen were flying nearer and nearer to the moon's red disk, while the Green Knight urged his brains to a good game. He should carry the red color back to the maidens, for he was determined to get it from the Moon Man.

Suddenly he heard a great voice shouting: "Hailo! Hailo!"

He leaned forward on Schwartzperdenchen's back and shouted back as loudly as he could, "Hailo! Hailo!"

A moment later they came in full sight of the great round face of the Moon Man.

(To be continued.)

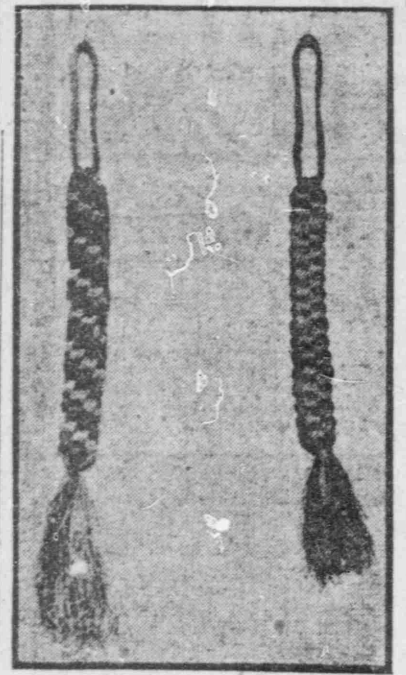


Flower Puzzle

In this picture are hidden two objects which form the name of the flower here represented. The first is familiar to most country boys and to the city boys who visit the Zoo, the second is found on cars, engines, churches and most schools.

### NEW WATCH FOB FAD.

A QUEER fad has just reached the children of New York and threatens to sweep over the whole country. It is the wearing of shoe laces into watch fobs. The laces come in both black and colors, and the



of the city has a fob fastened on somewhere. The colors of Princeton, Yale, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania are those most often seen, and some enterprising youngsters stood outside the Polo Ground before the recent game and sold numbers of the fobs to the college students and their friends as they were about to enter the gates.

The selling price is five cents, while the cost of a pair of laces is one cent, so, as the time consumed in making the fob is only ten minutes, there is a good clear profit of four cents for the maker.

It is strange how a fad of this sort will sweep the entire country in a comparatively short time. Who invented the present craze will probably never be known.

### KEY TO SIMPLE STORY IN SIMILE.

1-poor. 2-smiling. 3-bees. 4-steel-trap. 5-hills. 6-crooked. 7-deaf. 8-miller. 9-ugly. 10-wink. 11-lead. 12-porpoise. 13-beat. 14-light. 15-Tophet. 16-larks. 17-cross. 18-their. 19-seal. 20-limp. 21-straight. 22-cuff. 23-cucumber. 24-hard. 25-mad. 26-ghost. 27-sick. 28-tough. 29-judge. 30-slippery. 31-cricket. 32-gall. 33-oysters. 34-neat. 35-lily. 36-berry. 37-bats. 38-red. 39-bell. 40-plain. 41-blind. 42-indigo. 43-swift. 44-penck. 45-old. 46-ram. 47-bright. 48-mad. 49-bear. 50-dry. 51-weak. 52-cold. 53-nut. 54-top. 55-slug. 56-bug. 57-fox. 58-atill. 59-yellow. 60-ink. 61-lightning. 62-timid. 63-stuck. 64-stubborn. 65-deer. 66-queer. 67-thunder. 68-tight. 69-whistle. 70-coals. 71-poor. 72-bold.

### TURKEY GOBBLES.

Gobble, gobble, gobble all the day. Thus the turkeys gobbled in the hay. "Not so fast!" the wise ones said; "You will gobble off your head!" But they said, "We'll gobble while we may!"

But there came a day, alas! 'tis true. Just before Thanksgiving Day was due. Farmer Jones spread corn and meal Round about the farm and field. And they quickly pounced upon it, too. Gobble, gobble, gobble, so they did. And they stuffed themselves, and that's no fib.

Each one really gobbled off its head. Just exactly as the wise ones said. Doing as their great forefathers did As you know, before Thanksgiving Day "Turkeys' heads are apt to fly away." And the gobble, gobble, gobble ceased. And next day there was a turkey feast. Yet, it happened, as the wise ones say, —Gracia Kasson.

### The Game of Zoology.

THIS game will give all the more amusement when played by boys and girls, because they are not supposed to be skillful artists. If their drawings, therefore, are somewhat grotesque, all the better for the fun of the evening.

Get a large sheet of white cardboard and hang it on the wall. Now give to each player a piece of silhouette paper about five inches square and a pencil. The paper should be black on one side and white on the other.

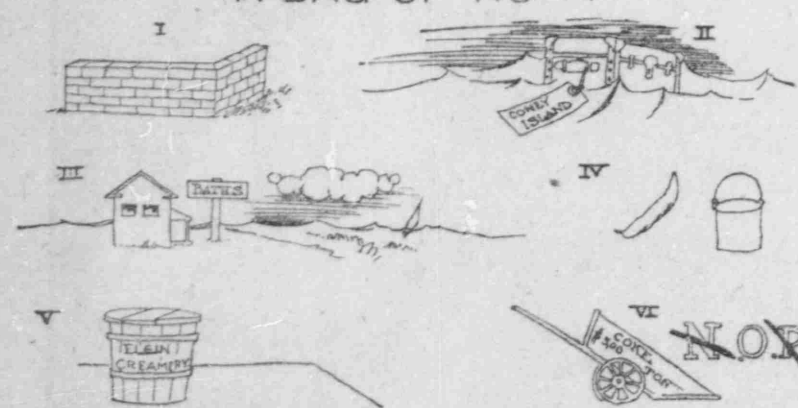
In one corner of the white side of the paper write the name of some animal—a different one for each player, of course—and also the player's number. Direct the players then to draw with the pencil on the white side of the paper the animals assigned to them, respectively, and when the drawings are completed to cut them out.

The leader of the game then collects the figures, and with paste or mudglue attaches them to the cardboard on the wall, the black side of the figure out and each figure with its number beside it.

Now give to each player a sheet of paper with numbers written down the left hand side—as many numbers as there are drawings—and ask them to write opposite to each number the name of the animal that the numbered figure is intended to represent.

Here is where the fun comes in, for many of the drawings will prove to be rather hard to make out. The player who guesses the greatest number of animals receives the cardboard as a prize.

### A BAG OF NUTS.



Each one of these six pictures represents a kind of nut. Most boys and girls are familiar with them all. What are they?

### My Lady's Wants.

WORD building, word guessing, geographical and other instructive games are all enjoyed by young people, but there comes a time when they wish and need something in the nature of a game. A good game of this kind is played by seating the boys and girls around and giving to each player the name of some article used by a lady when she makes her toilet, such, for example, as hair brush, comb, hair-pin, shoes, bonnet, gloves, etc.

The players having been thus named, the leader, previously selected, takes his stand in the middle of the room, holding a wooden plate, a circular tray or any similar object that may be twirled around on the floor. To begin the game he twirls the plate on the floor as hard as he can and speaks some sentence in which he uses the name of one of the toilet articles. The player who bears that name must then leave his seat and try to catch the plate before it stops twirling. If he fails to do so he must pay a forfeit of some kind; if he succeeds he takes the twirler's place.

The twirler generally speaks a sentence like this: "My lady is going out and she wants her gloves." The player whose name is "Gloves" then rushes to the plate and tries to catch it before it stops twirling.

The twirler has a right at any time to cry out the single word "Toilet!" and when he does the players have to change seats. The player who does not get one takes the place of the twirler and also pays a forfeit. The twirler himself is sure to get a seat, for he watches his opportunity as he cries out the word.

Forfeits are redeemed at the end of the game, and this may be made entertaining by requiring forfeit payers to do all sorts of funny things.

### THE LINGUIST.

He studied ancient manuscripts In Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, He talked Chinese and Japanese And Yiddish smooth as satin; Arabic rippled from his lips With fluency and ease; Italian, Russian, German, French, Spanish and Portuguese. But lo! a little maid demure Came tripping in his way: Her hair was like the daffodil, Her eyes were soft and gray. Then all his tongues deserted him, And by the gods above you, He only blushed and stammered out The simple words, "I love you."

### Sir Hector and Rosine.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

Sir Hector Hicks was a stalwart knight, A knight of noble name: His sword was sharp and his shield was bright; He wielded his spear with wondrous might. While his courtly bearing and towering height, And his ponderous, massive frame Were the awe and pride Of the country side, And Sir Hector was lauded far and wide.

This illustrious man of brawn and brain Was lord of an ancient and vast domain— The old Hicks Castle, with turrets and towers, Gorgeous gardens and balmy bowers, Portcullises, parapets, moats, palisades, Bulwarks, intrenchments, redoubts, barricades.

All was as safe as a stronghold could be, Secure against onslaught by land or by sea; And Sir Hector, beside, Was amply supplied With all kinds of weapons that art could provide.

His armory showed a magnificent store Of sabers and swords by the dozen and score. There were cutlasses, falchions, dirks, daggers, and blades, Clubs, maces, and truncheons; bolts, bombs, and grenades, Full panoplied armor Sir Hector possessed— A cuirass and helmet, a shield for his breast, A buckler and mask, A gauntlet and casque, And all of the rest, From sandal to crest.

The noble knight wore when for battle he dressed, A desperate fight Was his greatest delight; With valor and courage he fought for the right.

And many a knave Was sent to his grave By dauntless Sir Hector, so bold and so brave.

But would you believe That one Christmas eve This warrior brave attended a ball— A country dance held in a neighboring hall?

And there, though surrounded by jovial friends, His courage oozed out at his finger ends. For, alack and alas! though it grieves me to state, The horrible truth, I am forced to relate, That Sir Hector, though reckoned so brave and so bold, Who never would flinch when a foe he'd behold, Felt his spirit quail.

And his cheek turn pale And a flush arise to his manly brow, When he saw Rosine 'neath the mistletoe, too, bough.

So sweet and fair That he could not dare Of her merry favors to claim a share. He trembled and shook, And he couldn't do what he undertook. He could bravely face a savage foe, But not Rosine 'neath the mistletoe.

Though he dared advance Against spear and lance, He could not parry the maiden's glance.

Again and again Sir Hector tried For the sake of his dignity, honor and pride, And yet, although he was awfully scared, At the timid man, And Sir Hector took to his heels and ran!

And I afterward heard, alas and alack! He ran so far that he never came back.

MORAL. None but the brave deserve the fair, And not always does the brave get there. A drummer may beat with a drum, And a summer works with gum; But I'd like to know, Said Freddie to Joe, "What a plumber has to do with a plum?" G. M. L. BROWN.

## The Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe

HERE'S A GAME ABOUT HER THAT WILL INTEREST YOU.



Secure the whirligig on a paste board and fasten the dial with a pin so that it will revolve. Buttons can be used as men or markers. Two players can participate in the fun, each placing his button at one of the circles marked START. Now, then, they are off. The whirligig is twirled and BOTH ENDS are counted, thus making small mathematical calculations, like two and one-half, six and one-half, etc. The object is to move your button in accordance with the numbers you spin on the whirligig. You can use them either collectively or separately. The circles each count one-half and are isles of safety. When the time comes for the two markers to meet somewhere in the middle of the board any not on an isle of safety can be sent back to the start again. Remembering always that halves count into wholes, you can make singularly quick strides on the home course. The first to reach his enemy's home circle wins the game.